deal bored. I cannot, it is true, imagine the majority of tourists happy there. But they are never likely, even if they read this book, to invade that Paradise. The gates are guarded far too well. But they can be forced by the eager and the strong, and then, I know of no such peace. The world is utterly shut out. Empires may fall and great republics rise ; liners may anchor off Papeete and the European markets be frenziedly ' alarmed *; the printing-presses may work night and day, and the great public may pass what judgment it will on this and other works! Nothing matters.

You do not want to read. Knowledge is vanity.

Here at last is peace that passeth understanding, that the world cannot give.

But one climbs out again, if only to survey once more the far-stretching panorama that no camera can truly photograph and no artist has portrayed. Lying high up there, on the

fern, it is to me a marvellous thing that it should be my heritage. Away and away the main island lies folded in white mists whereof the sun weaves scarves and tissues of light and colour. On either side you can see the encircling ocean. At your feet